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The Crystal palace

London

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THE

CRYSTAL PALACE.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

CONTENTS

Song of the haymakers
Farewell to thee, land of my birth
The stolen child
Sleep, gentle lady
My father's old farm
Terence's farewell
Dearest, then, I'll love thee more
Let us be happy together
Madoline
The jolly waggoner
Take back those gems
The moon is up
Uncle Ned
Scenes that are brightest
Jeanot and Jeannette
Ben Bolt
Far, far upon the sea!
To the west! to the west!
Farewell a last farewell!
Have faith in one another
The slave chase
The gay coalheaver
Grasp of friendship's hand
I'm for General Joy
Old Father Pat
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie
Dear maid of my soul
Let us love one another
I love but thee
The lily of St. Leonard's
Together, dearest, let us fly
A life on the ocean wave
When thou art near
Sweeter vow was never spoken
Woman rules you still
The wandering boy
Katty Avourneen
Whilst thou'rt by my side love
The-low back'd car
Oh, this love
In griefs and dangers
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All things love thee, so do I
My friend and pitcher
I think of the land where my fathers are sleeping
The soldier's farewell to his mother
The inspiring horn
Dear Mary, adieu!
In this old chair
Mighty Niagara!
Ben Bolt's reply
Nelly Bly
A merry gipsy girl
What are the wild waves saying?

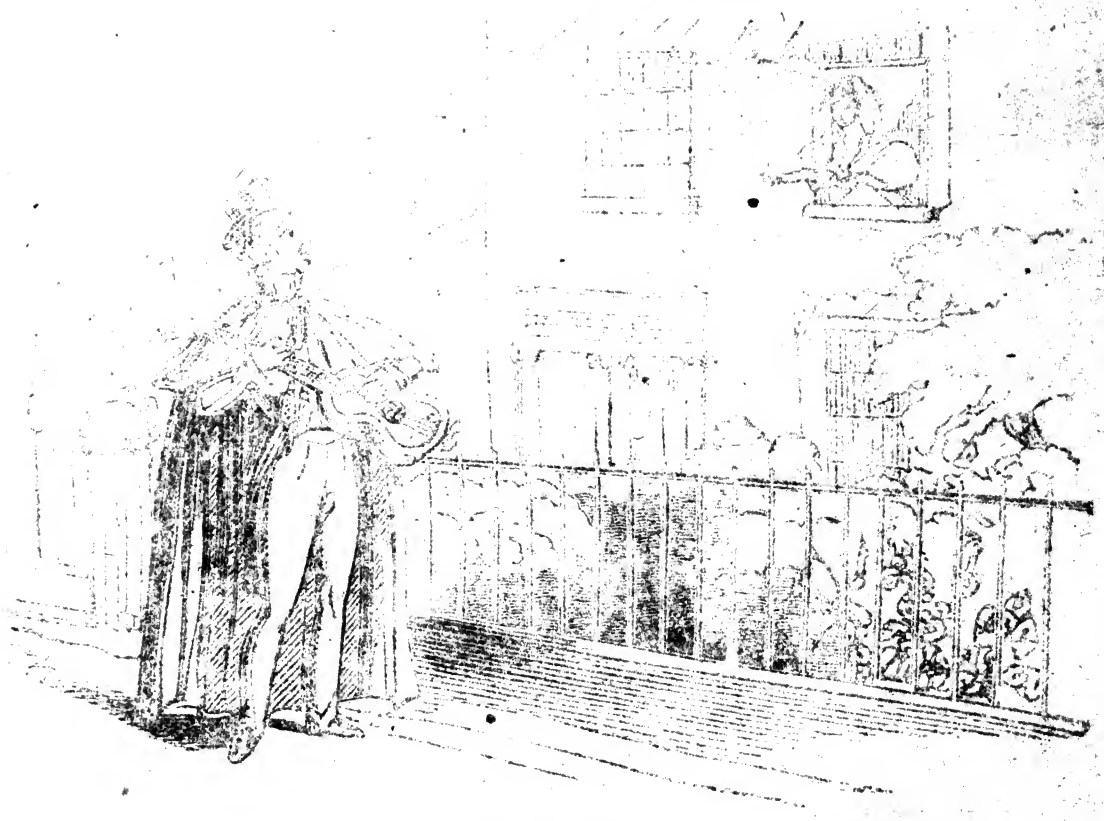
London—Printed and Published by W. S. Johnson, 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

THE

CRYSTAL PALACE.

A COLLECTION OF [illegible]

WILLIAMS [illegible]



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London—Printed and Published by W. S. Johnson, Co., [illegible] Lane, Charing Cross.

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A COLLECTON OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

Oh! 'tis of a rich merchant,
In London did dwell,
He had but one daughter,
An uncommon nice young gal!
Her name it was Dinah—
Scarce sixteen years old,
She had a large fortune
In siliver and gold.
Singing—Too-ral-loo, &c.

As Dinah vas a valking,
In the garden vun day,
Spoken—the front garden.
Her papa came to her,
And thus to her did say:—
Go and dress yourself, Dinah,
In gor-ge-ous array,
Spoken—take your hair out of paper,
And I'll get you a husband,
Both vally-ant and gay!
Singing—Too-ral-loo, &c.

Spoken—this is what the infant progeny said to the author of her being.

Oh, papa! oh, papa
I've not made up my mind,
To marry just yet,
I do not feel inclined,
And all my large fortune
I'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll let me stay single
A year or two more.
Singing—Too-ral-loo,

This is what the indignant parient replied—I repeat the father.

Go boldest daughter,
The parient replied,
If you don't consent to be
This here young man's bride,
I'll give your large fortune
To the nearest o'kin,
And you shan't have the benefit,
Of one single pin.
Singing—Too-ral-loo, &c.

Chorus of indignant parients—very bass—Too-ral-loo.

Spoken—Now comes the epiflabbergastrimum of the lover.

As Vilikins vas a valking,
The garden around,
Spoken—The aforesaid front garden.
He spied his dear Dinah,
Lying dead upon the ground,
A cup of cold pison
It lied by her side,
And a billy dux, stating
'Twas by pison she died!
Taken inwardly, Singing—Too-ral-loo &c.

Spoken—This is what the lovier did.

Then he kissed her cold corpus,
A thousand times o'er,
He call'd her his dear Dinah—
Although she was no more!
He swallowed the pison,
Like a lover so brave—
And Vilikins and his Dinah,
Lies a buried in one grave!
Both on em, Singing joyfully—too-ral-loo &c.

MORAL.

Now all you young vimmens,
Take a varning and nor
Never by no means
Disobey your guv'nor,
And all you young fellers,
Mind who you claps your eyes on,
Think of Vilikins and his Dinah,
And the cup of cold pison.
Else you'll be singing too-ral-loo, &c

Song of the Haymakers.

THE noontide is hot, and our foreheads are brown,
Our palms are all shining & hard,
And hard is our work, with the wain and the plough,
Oh! but poor is our daily reward.
But there's joy in the sunshine and mirth in the lark,
That skims whistling over our head;
Our spirit's are light, though our skins may be dark,
And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.
We dwell in the meadows and toil on the sod,
Far away from the city's dull gloom;
And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be.
Than the pale faces over the loom.
Then a song and a cheer for the bonny green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high—
For the pitchers and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And a beautiful midsummer sky.
Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, noble sirs,
Pray lend us your presence awhile,
Your garments will take no stain from the burs,
And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.
Our carpet's as soft for your delicate feet,
As the pile of your velveted floor,
And the scent of our green sward is surely as sweet,
As the perfume of Araby's shore.
Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
Where freshness and health may be found;
Where the wild flow'rs are spread for the butterfly's bed,
And the clover bloometh around.
Then a song, &c.
Hold fast!' cries the waggoner, steady and quick,
And then comes the hearty 'gee wo!'
While the cunning old team horses manage to pick
A sweet mouthful to munch as they go,
The tawney-faced children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap,
Till the tiniest one, quite outspent by the fun,
Is curled up with the sheep dog asleep.
Old age sitteth down on the hay-cock's crown,
At the close of our labouring day
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its passing away.
Then a song, &c.

Farewell to thee, Land of my birth.

FAREWELL to thee, land of my birth,
Farewell to thee, childhood's dear home;
All thy sweet charms 'mid sadness and mirth,
Will haunt me wherever I roam.
Ties of affection now must be broken,
Links that have bound me many a year.
Oft as I gaze on ev'ry lov'd token,
Fancy will ever waft me here.
Farewell to thee, land of my birth,
Farewell to thee, childhood's dear home;
All thy sweet charms, 'mid sadness and mirth,
Will haunt me wherever I roam.
Night gathers round, deeper the shade,
Valleys and hills fade with the light,
Sleep, gentle sleep, lend me thy aid,
In dreams bring them back to my sight;
What tho' I go where wealth is displaying
All its enchantment over the mind,
'Mid the gay halls my thoughts will be straying
Back to the scenes I leave behind.
Farewell to thee, &c.

The Stolen Child.

ALONE on the heather a fair child was straying,
Whose innocent features were brightened with joy;
And as 'mid the flowers he careless was playing,
My heart yearned with love, and I spoke to the boy:
'Young stranger, whence art thou?"
His blue eyes upturning,
He answered, "My home is yon tent on the plain;
And ere the eve closes I must be returning,
Or they will not let me roam hither again."

"Do thy parents await thee?"
He paused, and the gladness
That mantled his brow was o'er-shaded in gloom,
"I saw them but once;" and he added with sadness,
"They tell me that both are asleep in the tomb.
The gipsy is kind, but my mother was fonder,
She sang me so sweetly to rest in her arms;
But now she is gone, and her darling must wander
Though the soft words she whispered my bosom still warms.

"And soon will I seek them where both are reposing,
And take my best flowers to plant by their side,
That summer, when all their bright tints are unclosing,
May bless the green turf with their beauty and pride."
He bounded away, as my tears were fast falling,
To think how the gipsy such love had beguiled;
I saw him no more, but the sad tale recalling,
I often remember the poor stolen child

Sleep, gentle lady.

SLEEP, gentle lady, flowers are closing,
The very winds and waves reposing:
O, let our soft and soothing numbers
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers;
Peace be around thee, lady bright,
Sleep, while we sing—good night, good night!

My Father's Old Farm.

ONCE more I return to my dear native home,
And from the old farm, ne'er again will I roam,
'Twas on this sweet spot, with the reapers so gay,
When youth seemed as bright as the sun's golden ray,
'Twas here where my days of sweet infancy passed,
I timed not the hours, for they flew by so fast,
Those days are now gone—and I feel not the joy,
In viewing those scenes as I did whilst a boy.
Though sad, sad the heart, yet life still has a charm,
I feel as I gaze on my Father's old farm:

They bless'd me—I left—they bade me be sure,
With honour return, or return home no more,
Long years have roll'd by—thoughts of them and this spot,
Though absent they were, oh, they were not forgot.
So poor, poor I left them, one bright beaming morn,
With riches returned—like the leaf, they were gone,
'Twas here I was born—my life's early days spent—
'Tis here I will die, where I lived with content.
Though sad, &c.

Terence's Farewell.

SO, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
All alone by myself in this place;
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
O no, if there's truth in that face.
Though England's a beautiful city,
Full of illigant boys, O what then!
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,
You'll come back to old Ireland again.

Och those English deceivers by nature,
Though maybe you'd think them sincere,
They'll say you're a sweet, charming creature,
But don't you belaive them, my dear.
No, Kathleen agra! don't be minding
The flattering speeches they'd make;
Just tell them a poor lad in Ireland
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from going,
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case,
For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing
When next I shall see your swate face.
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better will I be off then;
You'll be spaking such beautiful English,
Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Aye now, where's the need of this hurry?
Don't flusther me so in this way;
I forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was maning to say.
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye;
Can I talk if ye bother me so?
Oh, Kathleen, my blessings go wid ye,
Every inch of the way that you go.

The Gay Coalheaver.

'TWAS a dark cloudy night,
And the moon gave no light,
And the stars were all put in the shade,
When a Coaley named Mac,
In a new fantail hat,
Went courting his charming dust-maid.
With his heart in a flame,
He went down Drury Lane,
And a very short pipe smok'd he,
But this Gay Coalheaver
Thought himself no small beer,
For I'm a good-looking covey, cry'd he.
I'm a good, &c.

He cock'd up his eye,
As the house he drew nigh,
Determin'd he would'nt be baulk'd,
At the door he did knock,
But found it were'nt lock'd,
So into the passage he walk'd;
Then up-stairs went Mac,
To the second floor back,
But no one at home found he—
"What is this in her room?
'Tis an old chummy's broom,
And it never belong'd to me,"
This broom, &c.

You'd have thought, in despair
He'd have torn out his hair,
Or have jump'd off a three legged stool,
With a rope round his neck,
Just to give it a stretch,
But Mac wasn't quite such a fool:
More sensible still,
He of lush had his fill,
And as homeward he trudg'd said he,
"When a lady so soon,
Jumps over the broom,
She may go to the Devil for me.
She may go, &c.

Have faith in one another.

HAVE faith in one another,
When you meet in friendship's name,
For the true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same,
Though your path in life may differ,
Since the hour when first ye met,
Have faith in one another,
Ye may need that friendship yet.
Have faith in one another,
When you whisper love's fond vow
'Twill not be always summer,
Or be always bright as now;
And when winter time comes o'er,
If some kindred heart you share,
And have faith in one another,
Ye shall never know despair.
And when the winter, &c.

Have faith in one another,
For should doubt alone incline,
It would make the world a desert,
Where the sun would never shine,
We have all some transient sorrow,
That o'ershadows us to day—
But have faith in one another,
And it soon will pass away.
Have faith in one another,
And let honour be your guide,
And let truth alone be spoken
Whatever may betide;
The false may reign a season,
And oh! doubt not but it will—
But have faith in one another
And the truth shall flourish still.
The false may reign, &c.

Grasp of Friendship's Hand.

GIVE me the grasp that is warm, kind, and ready,
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady,
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,
Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough hardy yeoman:
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never;
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harm'd not another;
Give me the hand that has never foreswore it,
Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-ey'd maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen:
Lovely or ugly, it matters not never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party,
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the (brother
Give me the hand that is true as a
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never;
Give me the hand that is friendly for ever.

I'm for General Joy.

SORROW'S a sniv'ling boy,
Corporal Care's a bore.
I'm for General Joy,
His is a light-hearted corps.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

Gaily my knapsack I slung,
Marching where bullets flew fast,
As loud as they whistled I sung,
And home I came merry at last.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

Old Father Pat.

Tune—"The Irish Wedding."

OLD father Pat was blyth and free,
He kissed the lasses daily, O,
And his fame so ran through Dona ghadee,
There was none like him so gaily, O;
For, day or night, 'twas his delight,
Devoid of care or sorrow, O,
With pae, sweet pae to wet his clay,
And the devil may have to morrow, O.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then father Pat was Judy's brat,
The wife of Durfy's brother, O,
And whiskey nailed his Queen for that,
So he learned it of his mother, O;
For day or night 'twas his delight,
Devoid of care or sorrow, O;
So come, says he, I'll cosey be,
And the devil may take to-morrow, O.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then father Pat he kept a school,
But it was for more than thinking, O,
For, lest his scholars' wit should cool,
He kept them always drinking, O,
Thus, day and night, 'twas his delight,
Devoid of care or sorrow, O,
To boose away, old Pat would say,
And the devil may take to morrow, O.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Often hast thou vowed that death
Only should us sever,
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I will see thee never

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love another maid,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary eyes I'll close,
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken.

Dear Maid of my Soul.

DEAR maid of my soul, should I perish
Where battle's rude discord speal loudly,
The name of thy fond lover cherish,
And let thy young bosom beat proudly;

My own banner over me wave,
My broken shield over me fling,
And carve on the oak o'er my grave—
"The soldier who died for his king."

Yet, maid, when my life-blood is streaming,
One tear to my last moment given,
Like a star in thy blue eyes beaming,
To me 'twere a foretaste of heaven!
My own be

Ben Bolt.

Oh! don't you remember sweet
Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with eyes hazel brown,
How she wept with delight when
you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown
In the old church-yard in the valley,
Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so
grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the
stone
They have fitted, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the wood,
Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope on the
hill;
Where oft we have sung 'neath it's
wide spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the
mill.
Now the mill has gone to decay, Ben
Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around,
See the old rustic porch, with it's
roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd al over the ground.

Oh! don't you remember the school,
Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true,
And the sweet little nook by the clear
running brook,
Where we gathered the flow'rs as
they grew.
O'er the master's grave grows the
grass, Ben Bolt,
And the clear running brook is now
dry,
And of all the friends who were
school-mates then,
There remains now but you, Ben
and I.

Far, far upon the sea!

Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free
Upon the deck we gather young and
old;
And view the flapping sail,
Swelling out before the gale,
Full and round without a wrinkle or
a fold.
Or watch the waves that glide
By the vessel's stately side,
Or the wild sea birds that follow thro'
the air;
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the
wind blows fair.
Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free
We watch the sea birds follow thro'
the air;
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind
blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
We talk of pleasant days when we
were young,
And remember though we roam,
The sweet melodies of home,
The song of happy childhood which
we sung,
And though we quit her shore,
To return to it no more,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet
shall hear;
That Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,
Oh gaily goes the ship when the
wind blows fair.
Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet
shall hear,
That Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,

Oh! gaily goes the ship when the
wind blows fair.
Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
The thought of it shall cheer us as
we go;
And Scotland's sons shall join,
In the song of Auld lang Syne,
With voice by memory softened, clear
and low,
And the men of Erin's Isle,
Battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing "St Patricks morning,"
void of care;
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on our way,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the
wind blows fair.
Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
We'll sing our native music, void of
care;
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on our way,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the
wind blows fair.

To the west! to the west!

To the west! to the west! to the west
to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down
to the sea,
Where a man is a man if he's willing
to toil,
And the humblest may gather the
fruits of the soil,
Where children are blessings, and he
that hath most,
Has aid for his fortune and riches to
boast, [aged may rest,
Where the young may exult, and the
Away, far away, to the land of the
west!

To the west! to the west! to the land
of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down
to the sea,
Where the young may exult and the
aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the
west!

To the west! to the west! where the
rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles spreading
out as they go;
Where the green waving forests shall
echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free to
us all;
Where the prairies like seas, where
the billows have roll'd,
Are broad as the kingdoms and em-
pires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in
storm or in rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the
west!
To the west, to the west, &c.

To the west! to the west! there is
wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be
done,
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never
despair;
While there's light in the sunshine
and breath in the air.
The bold independence that labour
shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands and for-
bid us to sigh,
Away far away let us hope for the
best,
And build up a home in the land of
the west.

Farewell! a last farewell!

Farewell, a last farewell,
Land where our fathers dwell,
More dear by parting made,
Where we as children play'd;
In meadows, gath'ring flow'rs
And passed our happiest hours
Here on the beach we stand,
Our home our native land,
And weep to think our feet shall tread
thy happy shore,
And our sad eyes behold thee never,
never more.

Farewell, ye hills and streams,
We'll see you in our dreams,
The oak trees on the green;
The lowly cottage fire,
The tap'ring village spire,
And every little mound,
Grass grown on holy ground:
Where sleep in death the friends, the
friends whom we deplore,
Farewell for ever! we return, return
to it no more.

No more! no more! our eyes
Grow dim with tears that rise,
Deep from the bursting heart,
To know that we depart;
And that the looks we cast,
So fondly are the last!
Farewell, oh native land!
A melancholy band,
We long we long to go, yet linger on
the shore,
Farewell for ever! we return return
no more.

The slave chase.

'Set ev'ry stitch of canvas to woo the
fresh'ning wind,
Our bowsprit points to Cuba, the
coast lies far behind;
Fill'd to the hatches full, my boys,
across the sea we go,
There's twice five hundred niggers in
the hole below,
A sail! what say you, boys? well—
let us give him chase!
A British Man-of-War, you say—well
let him try the race,
Theres not two swifter vessels ever
floated on the waves,
Than our tidy litle Schooners, well
ballasted with Slaves."

Now stronger yet, and stronger still
came down the fiery breeze,
And even fast and faster spread the
strange ship on the seas;
Flinging each rude and burstingsurge
in glitt'ring haloes back,
And bearing high to heaven a'oft, the
English Union Jack,
"Now curse that ensign," the slaving
captain said,
There's little luck for slavers when
English bunting's spread,
But pack on sail, and trim the ship,
before we'll captur'd be,
We'll have the niggers up, my boys,
and heave them in the sea."

Hoarse was the slavingcaptain's voice
and deep the oath he swore,
"Haul down the flag, that's shots en-
ough, we don't want any more.
Alongside dash'd the cruiser's boat,
to board and seize the prize,
Hark! to the rattling Brittish cheer,
thats ringing to the skies.
"Up, up, with the negroes speed'ly
up, up, and give them breath;
Clear out the hold from stem to stern
that noisome den is death,
And run aloft St. George's Cross, all
wanton let it wave,
The token proud that under it there
never treads a slave."

The low-back'd car.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flow'rs of spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar,
Never asked for his toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has string of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumbers these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love.
While she sits in the low-back'd car
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit fornest me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist.
While we drove in the low-back'd car
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high
At each glance and each sigh,
Though it beat in the low-back'd car.

The Wandering Boy.

When the winter winds whistle along the wild moor,
And the cottage shuts on the beggar his door.
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
How hard is the fate of the Wandering Boy.

The Winter is cold. I have no place of rest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast,
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire,
Our cottage it stood in a wood embower'd vale,
When the ringdove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summoned away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey.
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I am left a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale.
I'll go to the grave were my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

Katty Avourneen.

'Twas a cold winter night, and the tempest was snarling,
The snow like a sheet cover'd cabin and stye;
When Barney flew over the hills to to his darlin',
And tapt at the window where Katty did lie;
'Arrah, jewel,' says he, 'are you sleeping or waking?
Its a cold bitter night, and my coat it is thin;
The storm is a-brewin'—the frost is a-bakin',
O, Katty, avourneen, you must let me in.'

'Ah! then Barney,' says Kate, and she spoke through the window,
'How could you be taking us out of our bed?
To come at this time, its a shame, and a sin, too.
Its whiskey, not love, has got into your head,
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd been be tinder,
Consider the time, and there's nobody in,
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her,
No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in.'

'A cushla,' says he, 'its my heart is a fountain,
That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door,
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
I'll go to my home, though the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
And the words of my Katty will comfort and bless me,
'No Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in.'

Whilst thou'rt by my side, love.

I gaz'd on thy face, love,
When sickness had thrown
O'er each darling trace, love,
Its languor alone;
Yet, when hectics were flushing
Across thy dew'd brow,
Love's current was gushing,
All warmly as now.

In thine hours of brightness
Of beauty, and joy,
When thy smile was all lightness,
My own island boy,
My heart own'd thy power,
Enshrin'd in its core;
But in misery's hour
I learn'd to adore.

If I joy in thy blisses
When rapture's tide flows;
If dear are thy kisses,
More dear are thy woes.
The ill that befalls thee
May call up a tear;
Yet the woe that enthrals thee
But makes thee more dear.

When danger annoys thee,
I sorrow with you;
In the storm that destroys thee
I perish, love, too.
Come want, woe, and sorrow,
Thy cares I'll divide,
Nor fear the worst morrow,
Whilst thou'rt by my side.

Oh, this love.

Sung by Henry Russell.

Oh, this love! this love!
I once the passion slighted;
But hearts that truly love
Must break or be united.
Oh! this love, &c.

When first he came to woo,
I did not care about him;
But soon I felt as though
I could not live without him.
Oh! this love, &c.

He gave to me the ring
My hand ask'd of my mother;—
I could not bear the thought
That he should wed another.
Oh! this love, &c.

And now I'm all his own—
In all his joys I mingle;—
Not for the wealth of worlds
Would I again be single.
Oh! this love, &c.

In griefs and dangers.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

In griefs and in dangers,
At land and at sea,
'Midst pleasures and strangers,
My soul was with thee;
Whilst thou with thy kindred,
At peace and at home,
Taught thy fancy to wander—
Thy wishes to roam.

Whilst I suffer'd capture—
Wrong'd, wounded, oppress'd,
Thy heart beat with rapture
To Netherville's breast.
In my wants and my sorrows
I fear'd thou shouldst mourn!
And my heart was distress'd
Lest thine should be torn.
Tho' false friends have decried thee,
I join not their hate;
Tho' the world may deride thee,
I pity thy fate:
I know thou hast wrong'd me—
Will ne'er be my own;
But I feel that I love thee,
And love thee alone!

Lost Gertrude.

Earth, to thy bosom take in peace
This gentle flower of yesterday,
But take not then that memory
Which ling'reth sadly past decay:
She stood alone, our hope, our pride;
We lov'd her in that hamlet rude;—
Alas! in vain, for she is gone,
And love hath lost its own Gertrude.

Fair clust'ring round the lower'd vine,
Which leads the slope to this soft rill,
Our rustic daughters led the dance,
Herself the fairest 'midst them still.
And now with blinding tears they tell
How Death's cold garment doth intrude
On that cold form, and hide the brow
We lov'd so well in our Gertrude!

Ah! how with dewy feet she trod
The early summit, where pale hues lay!
And light, which o'er her close-bound hair
Betrayed the slowly mounting day.
Our village youths have ceas'd from toil,
Save where she rests with tears they've strew'd,
And flowers whose drooping o ours sigh
A low farewell to lose Gertrude!

Let us love one another.

Published by Hime & Sons, Liverpool,

LET us love one another, not long may we stay—
In this bleak world of mourning some droop while 'tis day;
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve—
Oh, there breaks not a heart, but leaves some one to grieve!
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met
Have still found the need to forgive and forget;
Then oh! though the hopes that we nourish decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay!

There are hearts, like the ivy, though all be decay'd,
Who seem to twine fondly, in sunlight and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undimm'd 'midst the blighted, the lonely, and dead!
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it, the root in its heart;
Exists but to twine it, imbibes the same dew,
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish there too!

Thus let's love one another 'midst sorrow the worst,
Unalter'd and fond as we lov'd at the first;
Though th false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away—
Then love one another as long as we stay.

I Love but thee.

Published by Cramer and Co., Regent Street.

IF after all you still will doubt and fear me,
And think thi- heart to other loves is stray,
If I must swear, then lovely doubter hear me;
By all those dreams I have when thou'rt away—
By every throb I feel when thou art near me—
I love but thee, I love but thee.

By those dark eyes where light is ever playing,
Where love in depth of shadow holds his throne,
And by those lips which give whate'er thou'rt saying
Of grave or gay, a music of its own,
A music far beyond all minstrel-playing,
I love but thee, I love but thee.

By that fair brow where innocence reposes,
Pure as the moonlight sleeping on the snow,
And by that cheek whose fleeting blush discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee, I love but thee.

The Lily of St. Leonard's.

Published by Jefferys, Soho Square.

IN the days of happy childhood
Pure and kind of heart was she;
As a child unto its mother
Was that lassie then to me.
In the bloom of her young beauty
We were proud to spread her fame;
And the Lily of St. Leonard's,
Then, was worthy of her name.
And the Lily, &c.

Cold may be the gaze of others,
But I cling to one hope yet:
I will not forsake the young heart,
Nor its former truth forget.
For I feel, tho' clouds may hover
O'er the sunshine of her frame,
That the Lily of St. Leonard's
Will be worthy of her name.

Together, Dearest, let us fly.

Published by Jefferys, Soho-sqnare.

TOGETHER, dearest, let us fly
The world's deceitful glare,
And quit its false deluding eye
That smiles but to ensnare.
A heart like thine was never made
For vain and glittering toys,
But in some sweet and rural shade
To crown thy lover's joys.
But in some sweet, &c.

When summer floats on fairy wing
Throughout the jocund day,
How sweet 'twill be with thee to sing
The frowns of life away:
How sweet, when winter steals abroad,
With thee my bliss to share;
Thy smiles will cheer life's dreary road,
And banish every care.
Thy smiles will cheer, &c.

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull unchanging shore:
Oh, give me the spashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar.
A life, &c.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail!—farewell to the land!—
The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like the ocean-bird set free—
Like the ocean-bird our home
We find far out in the sea.
A life, &c.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, let the storm come down.
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the wind and the waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the bounding wave!
A life, &c.

When thou art near.

When thou art near!
One smile of thine, one sunny ray,
Can chase the griefs that linger here
Like morning mists they melt away
When thou art near.

When thou art near!
The birds their softest notes resume,
The streamlet flows most pure & clear;
The flowers put forth their richest bloom
When thou art near.

When thou art near!
My lute, whose chords, if touched alone,
Breathe saddest music to mine ear;
How grateful is its altered tone
When thou art near.

When thou art near!
The sweetest joys still sweeter seem,
The brightest hopes more brigh appear;
And life is all one happy dream;
When thou art near.

Sweeter vow was never spoken.

Published by Jullien, Regent Street

SWEETER vow was never spoken
Than that faithful vow of thine,
Truer heart was never broken,
False one, than this heart of mine.
I had paid thy best devotion,
Not with homage idlers plight,
But with love as deep as ocean,
But with truth as pure as light.

Fare-thee-well, though I might linger,
Fearless now of greater woe,
'Twere not well the worldling's finger
Mark'd the hand that struck the blow
So we part, nor deem I leave thee
Curse or hate—despair is dumb:
Not one word I breathe to grieve thee,
But be sure thy day will come.

Woman rules you still.

VAINLY of superior wisdom
Your proud sex make such a boas.
Tho' you'd fain despise our talent,
Still we prove we have the most
King and peasant know our power,
Own our worth in sorrow's hour
Say, or do, whate'er you will,
Woman, woman rules us still.
Say, or do, &c.

In all things 'tis we who guide you,
You must follow where we lead;
If you frown, we but deride you,
Still we're your best friends in need.
Those at court who seek promotion
Must to woman pay devotion;
Say, or do, whate'er you will
Woman, woman rules you still.
Say, or do, &c.

Dearest, then, I'll Love thee more.

Published by Duff and Co., Oxford-st.

YES, I'll love thee, oh, how dearly,
Words but faintly can express,
This fond heart beats too sincerely,
E'er in life to love thee less!
No, my fancy never ranges,
Hopes like mine can never soar;
If the love I cherish changes,
It will be to love thee more.

Though the world has many sorrows,
And perchance it may be ours,
Love from tears a brightness borrows,
Like the earth from summer showers.
We will share our griefs and gladness,
In the future as of yore;
And in all your hours of sadness,
Dearest, then, I'll love thee more.

Youth may pass, but ask not whether,
When you'r old I'll love as true;
Shall we not grow old together,
And Time's changes mark me, too?
Life may cease, but then to heaven
Will my pure affection soar;
Yet, when freed from earthly leaven,
Dearest, then, I'll love thee more.

Let us be Happy Together.

Published by Jeffery's & Co., Soho-sq.

COME, let us be happy together,
For where there's a will there's a way;
And the heart may be light as a feather,
If maxims like mine hold the sway:
First pack up a store of contentment,
Who knows not the way is a dunce;
If wrong'd, never dream of resentment--
Get rid of such folly at once.
Listen to me! listen to me!

Be kind, 'tis the way to meet kindness;
If not, what's the use of regret?
Rail not at the world for its blindness,
But pity, forgive, and forget.
Our old friends, no doubt, will be true friends;
The longer, why love them the more;
But shut not your eyes against new friends,
Though one be but true in a score.
Prize the one you have proved, as a jewel
With which it were madness to part:
Who would carelessly throw by the fuel
That keeps up the warmth of the heart?
Listen to me! listen to me!

Of true souls how sweet the communion,
Throughout the wide world as we roam;
So preserve, then, the strong chain of union,
Let us rivet the fond links at home.

Madoline.

Published by Moss and Co., Argyll Street, Regent-street,

I DREAM of thee, sweet Madoline,
So beautiful and bright,
My memory weaves each look of thine
With ev'ry thought of light.
Thou art the music of my heart
That whispers thro' each day,
That speaks thy name in ev'ry breeze
When far from thee away.
I dream of thee, &c.

I dream of thee, dear Madoline,
Thro' life's sad waste of years;
Like spring's sweet breath to flowers that droop
Thy beaming smile appears.
Whene'er the world may cast its care,
When sorrow near I see,
I fear no shade, for in my grief
I turn again to thee.
I dream of thee. &c.

The Jolly Waggoner.

WHEN I first went a waggoning,
A waggoning did go—
I fill'd my parents' hearts full
Of sorrow, grief, and woe,
And many are the hardships
That I have gone through.
But sing, Wo! my lads, sing, Wo!
Drive on my lads, I O!
And who can lead the life
Of a jolly waggoner.

It is a cold and stormy night,
And I'm wet to the skin;
But I'll bear it with contentment,
Till I get to the Inn,
Then I will get a drinking,
With the landlord and his friends,
And sing, Wo! &c.

Now summer it is coming,
What pleasure we shall see!
The small birds are a singing
In every green tree;
The black-birds and the thrushes
Are whistling in the grove,
And sing, Wo! &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming,
What pleasures we shall find;
It will make the gold to fly
My boys, like chaff before the wind,
And every lad shall take his lass,
And set her on his knee,
And sing, Wo! &c.

Take back those Gems you gave me.

TAKE back those gems you gave me,
I prized them but for thee;
Thou art changed, and they no longer
Possess one charm for me.
Alas, they but remind me
Of bright hopes passed away;
Oh! would that they might banish
The dream of yesterday.
Thou canst not call me faithless,
For never vow of mine
Was breathed or lightly spoken,
Say, was it so with thine.
Take back, &c.

And yet I'll not upbraid thee,
My presence shall not throw
One cloud upon thy pathway,
One shadow on thy brow.
Go, mingle with the thoughtless,
And revel with the gay;
Leave me the sad remembrance,
That dream of yesterday.
My last farewell is spoken,
One sad word lingers yet,
Although my voice might falter,
My heart would say, forget.
Take back, &c.

The moon is up.

THE moon is up, and in the sky
The stars are shining bright,
And every breeze that murmurs by
Seems whispering with delight.
Then, lover, roam with me afar,
And listen to my sweet guitar.

The waters on the lake are clear,
And there the moonbeams play,
My little bark is waiting here,
To bear thee, love, away.
Then, lover, roam, &c.

Hark, hark! the gentle birds of night
Warble their plaintive song,
And swiftly o'er the water bright
They seem to float along.
Then, lover, roam, &c.

Uncle Ned.

I ONCE knew a nigger, his name was Uncle Ned,
But he's gone dead long ago;
He'd got no wool on the top of his head,
In the place where the wool ought to grow.
Hand up the shovel and the hoe,
Lay down the fiddle and the bow;
There's no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good niggers go.

His nails were as long as the cane in th brake,
He had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth to eat the oat cake,
So he let the oat cake be.
Hand up the shovel, &c.

On a cold frosty morning this nigger he died.
In the church-yard they laid him low
And the niggers all said that they wer afraid
His like they never should know.
Hand up the shovel, &c.

Scenes that are brightest,

Published by Cranmer and Co., Regent Street.

SCENES that are brightest
May charm a while;
Hearts that are lightest,
And eyes that smile;
Yet o'er them above us,
Though nature beam,
With none to love us,
How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear,
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear:
Hopes still deceive us
With tearful cost,
And when they leave us
The heart is lost.

Jeannot and Jeannette

Published by Jeffery's & Co., Soho Sq.

CHEER up, cheer up, my own Jeannette, tho' far away I go,
In all the changes I may see I'll be the same Jeannôt;
And if I win both fame and gold, ah! be not so unkind
To think I could forget you in the home I leave behind;
There's ne'er a lady in the land, not if she were a queen,
Could win my heart from you, Jeannette, so true as you have been;
They must have gallant warriors that chance hath cast the lot on me:
But mind you this—the soldier, love, shall no deserter be.

Why, ever since the world began, the surest road to fame
Has been the field, where men unknown might win themselves a name;
And well I know the brightest eyes have ever brighter shone
When looking at some warrior bold returned from battles won.
And you would put an end to deeds which ladies love so well,
And have no tales of valour left for history to tell.
The soldier's is a noble trade, Jeannette then rail no more;
Were only kings allowed to fight, there'd be an end of war.

Norah, the pride of Kildare.

Published by D'Almaine & Co., Soho-square.

AS beauteous as Flora
Is charming young Norah,
The joy of my heart and the pride of Kildare:
I ne'er will deceive her,
For sadly 'twould grieve her
To find that I sighed for another less fair.
Her heart with truth teeming,
Her eye with smiles beaming;
What mortal could injure a blossom so fair
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?
Wherever I may be, love,
I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
Though beauties may smile, and try to ensnare;
Yet nothing shall ever
My heart from thine sever,
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.
Thy heart with truth teeming,
Thine eye with smiles beaming,
What mortal can injure a blossom so rare
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?

All things love thee, so do I.

Music published by Duff and Hodgson, 65, Oxford Street.

GENTLE waves upon the deep
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Little birds upon the tree
Sing their sweetest songs for thee;
Cooling gales, with voices low,
In the tree tops gently blow,
When thou dost in slumbers lie:
All things love thee, so do I.

When thou wakest, the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, in plant and tree,
Brings forth fruit and flowers for thee;
Whilst the glorious stars above
Shine on thee like trusting love,
When thou dost in slumbers lie:
All things love thee, so do I.

My Friend and Pitcher.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but these, I'll ask no more—
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With these, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these—a fig for care—
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I never grieve
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.
Though Fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

I think of the Land where my Fathers are sleeping.

I THINK of the land where my fathers are sleeping,
I think of my dear native shore,
I think of the friends who perchance may be weeping,
For him who returneth no more;
My soul walks in darkness beneath thy bright sky,
Whose breezes but echo affection's deep sigh,
And whisper the words by each fond lip spoken,
When last we met
In bitter regret,
And parted almost heart-broken.

I think of the home where in life's early morrow,
My Marian to passion gave birth;
I think of the spot where in silence and sorrow,
I saw her laid deep in the earth.
In that frost blighted bower no fresh rose shall appear—
O'er that grave now forgotten no eye drops a tear—
Ah, memory why wilt thou treasure each token?
Why, drooping heart,
Still nourish thy smart?
Ah, why art thou still unbroken?

The Soldier's Farewell to his Mother.

(*Tune*—Farewell to the mountain.)

OH, farewell, dearest mother,
I must wander afar,
'Mid the land of the stranger,
'Mid battle and war.
Thy smile so endearing,
All others excel,
And eyes brightly beaming,
Farewell, oh farewell!

Farewell, for more lovely
Those scenes do appear—
Those sounds that so sweetly
Strike deep on the ear.
Yet near thee, dear mother,
And sweet friends I would dwell—
But farewell for ever,
Farewell—oh, farewell!

The Inspiring Horn.

HARK, hark! the joy-inspiring horn,
Salutes the rosy rising morn,
And echoes thro' the dale;
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds, quick-scented, scour the ground
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed:
The jovial pack pursue:
Like light'ning darting o'er the plain,
The distant hills with speed they gain,
And see the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes;
There pants awhile for breath;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descried, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze
The hounds their trembling victim seize:
She faints, she falls, she dies;
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din
Till echoes rend the skies.

Dear Mary, Adieu!

TO old England, thy white cliffs adieu!
Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you?
Though oceans divide us as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul.
As well might my messmates determine to bale
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
As direct my firm mind from the fond thought of you;
Farewell to old England! dear Mary, adieu!

Dear Mary, adieu! Can that ship be to wreck,
Where every plank bears your sweet name on the deck?
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have played.
Their sports are not pastime, but sorrow to me;
My mind is more happy in sighing to thee;
More happy by far when thinking of you;
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu.

Yes, the hope of return—all the joy of a tar—
'Tis his compass, his helm, 'tis his guide and his star,
'Tis imprest on his bosom the moment he sails,
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales;
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day;
With rapture it makes his affection to burn,
And changes Adieu into Welcome return!

In this old chair my Father sat.

IN this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled;
I hear their blessings on me wait,
And feel myself a child.
I feel the kiss of their fond love—
Joy, joy too bright to last!
O, why will cruel Time remove,
Or Mem'ry paint the past?

And here, alas! when they were gone,
In Beauty's own array,
A pitying angel on me shone,
To chase each grief away;
But oh, it was delusive love,
Too sweet, too pure to last;
Ah! if such dream Time must remove,
Mem'ry, why paint the past?

Mighty Niagara!

Music—at Bowyer Office Hollows.

Song by Dewy Parish.

Mighty Niagara! whose voice we hear
Thundering in thunder, loud, sublime,
And clear;
Thy glorious waters like an ocean
burl'd,
From the blue heaven to overthrow
the world!
Filled with wonder as we stand afar,
Hurried to think how small and
mean we are;
And as they rush, and foam, and
burst and roll,
They speak high language to the
listening soul.

The roar of billows breaking with the
sky,
No thunder leaping from the hill
tops high;
No voice of nature warring or at rest,
Can equal thine, oh, river of the
west

The temptest voice grows silent on the
sea,
But thine, oh, flood, exults, eternally.
The cloud-born Thunder stills its
wildest roar,
But thine perpetual rolls for ever-
more.

And evermore the waters seem to say
"We've roll'd rejoicing, as we've
roll'd to-day
"For thousand years and when earth
was young,"
And Noah's sons their first anthem
sung,

Along ere the foot of man disturbed
the wood,
Or human eye beheld my mighty
flood;
At noon and night my voice sublime
was heard,
In ceaseless gratitude, and God
was prais'd

Oh! ever on! my rushing waters
flow,
Men live and die—nations come
and go;
Race follows race, and change comes
over all,
Great cities flourish, rule the world
and fall,
And leave behind no record but a
name,
But I survive them changeful, yet
the same,

And I shall speak to nations yet to
be,
The same high language that I
speak to thee.

"When this great empire in his youth
shall reach the highest splendour
of its prime.
When after thousands of man's little
years,
It shall decay amid its youngest
pears;
When it shall fall like Babylon and
Rome,
And once again be the wild man's
home,
My mighty flood shall thunder as to
day,
In nature's pride and beauty needless of
decay.

Wild critter on my banks and let me
hear
The voice of labour and the voice
of cheer;

Pass on, pass on, and work with
heart and will,
And health and fortune shall reward
you still,
The world is yours, enjoy it as you
can,
And give your thanks to God—your
help to man.

Ben Bolt's reply.

Ah, yes I remember that name with
delight,
Sweet Alice so dear to the heart and dear,
I seek her lone grave in the pale moon-
or night,
And question the turf with a tear.
And there when the heart is o'er-
burdened with woes,
I wonder and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my weary head
shall repose.
Where sweet Alice is under the
stone.

And long, &c.

I roam through the wood where so
joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill
All things are as bright in that Cham-
pion glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill
For the hand that so fondly then
press'd in mine,
And the lips that were meeting with
love,
Are cold in the grave and I'm left to
repine,
Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Are cold, &c.

Ah, well I remember the school house
and brook,
And the master so kind and so true
The wild blooming flowers in the
cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew,
But I weep not for these though no
dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that ——— left us
alone,
The bosom will heave and the tear-
drops will start,
For sweet Alice lies under the stone,

For sweet, &c.

Nelly Bly.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de
broom along,
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear,
an' ah a little song,
Poke de wood, my lady lub, an'
make de fire burn,
An' while I take de banjo down, just
rub de mush a turn.

Sleigh ready Nelly, Nelly listen hare me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a rival-
ling melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like a turtle-
dove,
I hears it in de meadow, an' I hear
it in de grove,
Nelly Bly mak a heart warm as cup
ob tea,
An' bright as de sweet potatoe
down in Tennessee.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye, when she
goes to sleep,
An' when she wakens up again her
eyeballs jump to peep;
De way she walks, she hits her toe,
an' den she trips it down,
An' when it rigns, dere music dun
in dat part ob de town.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, neber mind
sleigh,
Neber bring de tear-drop in de
corner ob your eye,
For de pie is made ob ripe punkins, an'
de mush is made ob corn,
An' dere's plenty ob punkins, plenty
fish, a ring in de horn.

A merry Gipsy girl.

(Music—at Dalbery's and Co.)

A merry Gipsy girl again
To trace the world at will
The wood lands wild, the meadow
green,
The valley and the hill;
Now poor, the poorest foot ye tread
To that high-arched dome
Who's boundless circle mocks in
vain
The wide world my home

Here rose can bar the fresh air,
Nor roots out heaven's light,
Nor make the glorious day appear
Too near akin to night;
And the beauties of the mead
We rummage days are spent,
And joyfully the stars look down
Upon my gipsy tent.

I wandered freely as the dawn
Which buds not learns to tear
The death-cry of the hunter's horn,
Resounding far and near;
And roaming through the woods I
feel
As if I, too, could soar,
Bird like, upon the wings of joy,
And sing for ever more!

Come out, ye pent-up lovers, come,
From city dark and dirty,
And see what a change hath come
To all for beauties here;
And ere we ask your bounty, ye'll say
Your time has well been spent,
And wish that all the world could be
One happy gipsy tent.

What are the wild waves saying!

Music—at Cocks and Co.

What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever I sit a-playing,
I hear but the low tone song?
Not by the sea side only,
There it sounds wild and free,
But at night, &c.

But at night, I hear no single,
Save but the rolling wave,
Over some ocean cave.
Dashing against the shore,
And the wind from some distant
quarter,
Bringing with its roar,
And the wind, &c.

No, no, no, it is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone,
The voice of the great Creator,
Dwells in that mighty tone.
The voice of the, &c.

Mighty Niagara!

Music—at Bouquet Office Holborn.

Sung by Henry Russell.

Mighty Niagara! whose voice we hear
Bursting in thunder, loud, sublime, and clear;
Thy glorious waters like an ocean hurl'd,
From the blue heaven to overflow the world!
Fill us with wonder as we stand afar,
Hurried to think how small and mean we are;
And as they rush, and foam, and burst and roll,
They speak high language to the list'ning soul.

The roar of billows bustling with the sky,
No thunder leaping from the hill tops high;
No voice of nature warring or at rest,
Can equal thine, oh, river of the west
The tempest voice grows silent on the sea,
But thine, oh, flood, exults, eternally,
The cloud-born Thunder stills it's wildest roar,
But thine perpetual rolls for evermore.

And evermore the waters seem to say
"We've roll'd rejoicing, as we've roll'd to-day!"
"Four thousand years ago when earth was young,
And Noah's sons their first anthem sung,
Long ere the foot of man disturbed the wood,
Or human eye beheld my mighty flood;
At morn and night my voice sublime was rais'd,
In ceaseless gratitude, and God was prais'd.

On! ever on! my gathering waters flow,
Men live and die—nations come and go;
Race follows race, and change comes over all,
Great cities flourish, rule the world and fall,
And leave behind no record but a name,
But I survive them changeful, yet the same,
And I shall speak to nations yet to be,
The same high language that I speak to thee.

"When this great empire in his youth sublime,
Shall reach the brightest splendour of its prime.
When after thousands of men's little years,
It shall decay amid its younger peers;
When it shall fall like Babylon and Rome,
And once again be the wild man's home,
My mighty flood shall thunder as to day,
In strength and beauty heedless of decay.

uild cities on my banks and let me hear
The voice of labour and the voice of cheer;
Pass on, pass on, and work with heart and will,
And health and fortune shall reward you still,
The world is yours, enjoy it as you can,
And give your thanks to God—your help to man.

Ben Bolt's reply.

Ah, yes I remember that name with delight
Sweet Alice so cherished and dear,
I seek her lone grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear,
And there when the heart is o'erburdened with woes,
I wonder and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose,
Where sweet Alice lies under the stone.
And long, &c.

I roam through the wood where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill
For the hand that so fondly then press'd in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love,
Are cold in the grave and I'm left to repine,
Till I meet with sweet Alice above.
Are cold, &c.

Ah, well I remember the school house and brook,
And the master so kind and so true
The wild blooming flowers in the cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew,
But I wept not for these though so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left us alone,
The bosom will heave and the tear-drops will start,
For sweet Alice lies under the stone,
For sweet, &c.

Nelly Bly.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along,
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, an' ab a little song,
Poke de wood, my lady lub, an' make de fire burn,
An' while I take de banjo down, just gib de mash a turn.

Heigh Nelly ho, Nelly listen unto me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody,

Nelly Bly hab a voice like a turtle-dove,
I hears it in de meadow, an' I hear it in de grove,
Nelly Bly hab a heart warm as cup ob tea,
An' bigger dan de sweet potatoe down in Tennessee.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye, when she goes to sleep,
An' when she wakens up again her eyeballs 'gin to peep;
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, an' den she brings it down,
An' when it lights, der's music dah in dat part ob de town.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, nebber nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear-drop in de corner ob your eye,
For de pie is made of pumkins, an' de mash is made ob corn,
An' der's corn an' pumkins plenty lub, a lying in de barn.

A merry gipsy girl.

[Music—at Jefferys and Co's.]

A merry Gipsy Girl again,
I'm free to rove at will
The woodlands wild, the meadow sweet,
The valley and the hill:—
How poor the proudest roof ye boast
To that high-arched dome
Who's boundless circle makes me think
The whole wide world my home!

Here none can bar the free fresh air,
Nor mete out heaven's light,
Nor make the glorious day appear
Too near akin to night:
Amid the beauties of the mead
My summer days are spent,
And joyfully the stars look down
Upon my gipsy tent.

I wandered freely as the fawn
Which hath not learnt to fear
The death-cry of the hunter's voice,
Resounding far and near:—
And bounding through the woods I feel
As if I, too, could soar,
Bird-like, upon the wings of joy,
And sing for evermore!

Come out, ye pent-up toilers, come,
From city dark and drear,
And see what gladness Nature has
In all her beauties here:
And ere ye seek your homes, ye'll say
Your time has well been spent,
And wish that all the world could be
One happy gipsy tent.

What are the wild waves saying?

Music—at Cocks and Co.

What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever 'amid our playing,
I hear but the low lone song?
Not by the sea side only,
There it sounds wild and free,
But at night when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me.
But at night, &c.

Brother, I hear no singing,
'Tis but the rolling wave,
Ever its lone course winging,
Over some ocean cave.
'Tis but the noise of water
Dashing against the shore,
And the wind from some bleaker quarter,
Mingling with its roar.
And the wind, &c.

No, no, no, no, it is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone,
The voice of the great Creator,
Dwells in that mighty tone.
The voice of the, &c.